



"The Street" and Its People Come to Understand More About That Death Which Is the Wage of Sin, and to Puzzle Over the Designs of Providence.

K. McMoyn, a queer stranger with gentle manners, becomes a roomer at the Pigeon house, presided over by Sidney, her invalid mother Anna, and her Aunt Harriet, an old maid dressmaker. Sidney becomes a hospital nurse through the influence of Dr. Max Wilson, a brilliant young surgeon smitten with her charms. K. loves her from a distance; so does Joe Drummond, an old high-school chum. At the hospital Sidney learns the world's sorrows. She becomes acquainted with Carlotta Harrison, who has been intimate with Wilson and who is jealous of unfeeling Sidney. Sidney's chum, Christine Lorenz, marries Palmer Howe, a young society rake, and they take rooms at the Pigeon house. Despite K's efforts to avoid strangers, Dr. Max meets him one night and finds he is an old friend, a famous Doctor Edwards, supposedly dead. Max keeps the secret. Sidney's mother dies and the shock puts the girl to bed with a low fever. Palmer Howe becomes untrue to his bride.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"I've got something to tell you," she said. "Don't have a fit, and don't laugh. If you do, I'll jump out of the window. I've got a place in a store. I'm going to be straight, Palmer."

"Good for you!" He meant it. She was a nice girl and he was fond of her. The other was a dog's life, and he was not unselfish about it. She could not belong to him. He did not want her to belong to anyone else.

"One of the nurses in the hospital, a Miss Page, has got me something to do at Linton & Harburg's. I am going on for the January white sale. If I make good they will keep me."

He had put her aside without a quiver, and now he met her announcement with approval. He meant to let her alone. They would have a holiday together, and then they would say good-bye. And she had not fooled him. She still cared. He was getting off well, all things considered. She might have raised a row.

"Good work," he said. "You'll be a lot happier. But that isn't any reason why we shouldn't be friends. Is it? Just friends; I mean that. I would like to feel that I can stop in now and then and say how do you do?"

"I promised Miss Page," she said. "I promised Miss Page."

The mention of Sidney's name brought up in his mind Christine as he had had her that morning. He recollected. "Things were not going well at home. There was something wrong with Christine. She used to be a good sport, but she had never been the same since the day of the wedding. He thought her attitude toward him was one of suspicion. It made him uncomfortable. But any attempt on his part to fathom it only met with cold silence. That had been her attitude that morning."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "We won't go to any of the old places. I've found a new goodhouse in the country that's respectable enough to suit anybody. We'll go out to Schwitter's and get some dinner. I'll promise to get you back early. How's that?"

In the end she gave in. And on the way out he lived up to the letter of their agreement. The situation exhilarated him; Grace with her new air of virtue, her new aloofness; his comfortable car; Johnny Rosenfeld's discreet back and alert ears.

The adventure had all the thrill of a new conquest in it. He treated the girl with deference, did not insist when she refused a cigarette, felt glowingly virtuous and exultant at the same time. When the car drew up before the Schwitter place, he slipped a five-dollar bill into Johnny Rosenfeld's not over-clean hand.

"I don't mind the ears," he said. "Just watch your tongue, lad." And Johnny stalled his engine in sheer surprise.

"There's just enough of the Jew in me," said Johnny. "To know how to talk a lot and say nothing, Mr. Howe."

Johnny Rosenfeld at eighteen had developed a philosophy of four words. It took the place of the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, and the Catechism. It was: "Mind your own business."

True to his promise, Palmer awakened the sleeping boy before nine o'clock. Grace had eaten little and drunk nothing; but Howe was slightly stimulated. "Give her the 'once over,'" he told Johnny, "and then go back and crawl into the rug again. I'll drive in."

Grace sat beside him. Their progress was slow and rough over the country roads, but when they reached the state road Howe threw open the throttle. He drove well. The liquor was in his blood. He took chances and got away with them, laughing at the girl's gasps of dismay.

"Wait until I get beyond Simla'sville," he said, "and I'll let her out. You're going to travel tonight, honey."

The girl sat beside him with her eyes fixed ahead. He had been drinking, and the warmth of the liquor was in his voice. She was determined on one thing. She was going to make him live up to the letter of his promise to go away at the house door; and more and more she realized that it would be difficult. His mood was reckless, masterful. Instead of laughing when she drew back from a proffered glass, he turned surly. Obstinate lines that she remembered appeared from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth. She was uneasy.

Finally she hit on a plan to make him stop somewhere in her neighborhood and let her get out of the car. She would not come back after that.

There was another car going toward the city. Now it passed them, and as they passed it, it became a con-

test of wits. Palmer's car lost on the hills, but gained on the level stretches, which gleamed with a coating of thin ice.

"I wish you'd let them get ahead, Palmer. It's silly and it's reckless," "I told you we'd travel tonight."

He turned a little glance at her. What the deuce was the matter with women, anyhow? Were none of them cheerful any more? Here was Grace as sober as Christine. He felt outraged, defrauded.

His light car skidded and struck the big car heavily. On a smooth road perhaps nothing more serious than broken mudguards would have been the result. But on the ice the small car slowed around and slid over the edge of the bank. At the bottom of the ditch it turned over.

Grace was flung clear of the wreckage. Howe fled himself and stood erect, with one arm hanging at his side. There was no sound at all from the boy under the tonneau.

The big car had stopped. Down the bank, plunged a heavy, gorilla-like figure, long arms pushing aside the frozen branches of trees. When he reached the car, O'Hara found Grace sitting unhurt on the ground. In the wreck of the car the lamps had not been extinguished, and by their light he made out Howe, swaying dizzily.

"Anybody underneath?" "The chauffeur. He's dead, I think. He doesn't answer."

The other members of O'Hara's party had crawled down the bank by that time. With the aid of a jack, they got the car up. Johnny Rosenfeld lay doubled on his face underneath. When he came to and opened his eyes, Grace almost shrieked with relief.

"I'm all right," said Johnny Rosenfeld. And when they offered him whisky: "Away with the fire-water. I am no drinker. I—I—A spasm of pain twisted his face. 'I guess I'll get up.' With his arms he lifted himself to a sitting position, and fell back again.

"Huh!" he said. "I can't move my legs."

CHAPTER XIV.

By Christmas day Sidney was back in the hospital, a little wan, but valiantly determined to keep her life to its mark of service. She had a talk with

Johnny Rosenfeld.

"You're here in the ward, Johnny?" she said.

Suffering had refined the boy's features. His dark, heavily fringed eyes looked at her from a pale face. But he smiled up at her cheerfully.

"I was in a private room; but it cost thirty plunks a week, so I moved. Why pay rent?"

Sidney had not seen him since his accident. And now the work of the ward pressed hard. She had only a moment. She stood beside him and stroked his hand.

"I'm sorry, Johnny."

He pretended to think that her sympathy was for his fall from the estate of a private patient to the free ward.

"Oh, I'm all right, Miss Sidney," he said. "Mr. Howe is paying six dollars a week for me. The difference between me and the other fellows around here is that I get a napkin on my tray and they don't."

Before his determined cheerfulness Sidney choked.

"Have they told you what the trouble is?" "Back's broke. But don't let that worry you. Dr. Max Wilson is going to operate on me. I'll be doing the tango yet."

Sidney's eyes shone. Of course, Max could do it. What a thing it was to be able to take this life-in-death of Johnny Rosenfeld's and make it life again!

Sidney fed him his morning beef tea, and, because her eyes filled up with tears now and then at his helplessness, she was not so skilful as she might have been. When one spoonful had gone down his neck, he smiled up at her whimsically.

"Run for your life. The dam's burst!" he said.

As much as was possible, the hospital rested on that Christmas day. In the afternoon, services were held in the chapel downstairs. Doctor Max, lounging against the wall, across the chapel, found his eyes straying toward Sidney constantly. How she stood out from the others! What a zest for living and for happiness she had!

The Christmas morning had brought Sidney half a dozen gifts. K. sent her a silver thermometer case with her monogram, Christine a toilet mirror,

"Don't you realize that, instead of your being grateful to me, it is I who am unendably grateful to you? This is home now. I have lived around—in different places and in different ways. I would rather be here than anywhere else in the world."

But he did not look at her. There was so much that was hopeless in his eyes that he did not want her to see.

"In one way, it will be a little better for you than if Christine and Palmer were not in the house. You like Christine, don't you?"

"Very much."

"She likes you, K. She depends on you, too, especially since that night when you took care of Palmer's arm before we got Doctor Max. I often think, K., what a good doctor you would have been. You knew so well what to do for mother."

She broke off. She still could not trust her voice about her mother.

"Palmer's arm is going to be quite straight. Dr. Ed is so proud of Max over it. It was a bad fracture."

He had been waiting for that. Once at least, whenever they were together, she brought Max into the conversation. She was quite unconscious of it.

"You and Max are great friends. I knew you would like him. He is interesting, don't you think?"

"Very," said K.

To save his life, he could not put any warmth into his voice. He would be fair. It was not in human nature to expect more of him.

"Those long talks you have, shut in your room—what in the world do you talk about? Politics?"

"Occasionally."

She was a little jealous of those evenings, when she sat alone, or when Harriet, sitting with her, made sketches under the lamp to the accompaniment of a steady hum of masculine voices from across the hall. Not that she was ignored, of course. Max came in always, before he went, and leaning over the back of a chair, would inform her of the absolute blankness of life in the hospital without her.

And K. would stand in the doorway, quietly smoking, or go back to his room and lock away in his trunk the great German books on surgery with which he and Max had been working out a case.

So K. sat by the dining-room table and listened to her talk of Max that last evening together. When the bells announced midnight, Sidney roused with a start. She realized that for some time neither of them had spoken, and that K's eyes were fixed on her. The little clock on the shelf took up the burden of the churches, and struck the hour in quick staccato notes.

Sidney rose and went over to K., her black dress in soft folds about her. "He is born, K."

"He is born, dear."

She stooped and kissed his cheek lightly.

Christmas day dawned thick and white. Sidney left the little house at six, with the street light still burning through a mist of falling snow.

The hospital wards and corridors were still lighted when she went on duty at seven o'clock. She had been assigned to the men's surgical ward, and went there at once. She had not seen Carlotta Harrison since her mother's death; but she found her on duty in the surgical ward. The older girl greeted her pleasantly.

"We were all sorry to hear of your trouble," she said. "I hope we shall get on nicely."

Sidney surveyed the ward, full to overflowing. At the far end two cots had been placed.

"The ward is heavy, isn't it?" "Very. I've been almost mad at dressing hour. There are three of us—you, myself and a probationer."

The first light of the Christmas morning was coming through the windows. Carlotta put out the lights and turned in a businesslike way to her records.

"The probationer's name is Wardwell," she said. "Perhaps you'd better help her with the breakfasts. If there's any way to make a mistake, she makes it."

It was after eight when Sidney found Johnny Rosenfeld.

"You're here in the ward, Johnny?" she said.

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But the gift of gifts, over which Max's eyes had gleamed, was a great box of roses marked in Doctor Max's copper-plate writing. "From a neighbor."

Tucked in the soft folds of her kerchief was one of the roses that afternoon.

Services over, the nurses fled out. Max was waiting for Sidney in the corridor.

"Merry Christmas!" he said, and held out his hand.

"Merry Christmas!" she said. "You see?"—she glanced down to the rose she wore. "The others make the most splendid bit of color in the ward."

"But they were for you!"

"They are not any the less mine because I am letting other people have a chance to enjoy them."

Under all his gaiety he was curiously diffident with her. All the pretty speeches he would have made to Carlotta under the circumstances died before her frank glance.

Sidney eyed him, half amused, half hurt.

"What have I done, Max? Is it bad for discipline for us to be good friends?"

Carlotta was watching them from the chapel. Something in her eyes roused the devil of mischief that always slumbered in him.

"My car's been stalled in a snow-drift downtown since early this morning."

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What Well Dressed Women Will Wear

Now that Lent is here, the family may settle down to quiet days of devotion to spring sewing. The bulk of this work may be out of the way when Easter arrives and out-of-doors calls to everyone who has eyes and a heart for spring. Styles for spring and summer, especially those to govern in the realm of sports clothes, are established, and there is no guesswork about them.

Separate skirts and blouses of wash fabrics are among the things that are

Craze of all fabrics, lends itself most perfectly to fine work in the making of hats and their trimmings. In the best morning hats almost no other materials are used, and the correct hat for first morning employs this fabric for covering the shape and for making its trimmings.

The hat at the center of the group is one of many models for deep mourning that are faced with white crepe. This fabric, used only for mourning



SERGE FROCK FOR GENERAL WEAR

to be disposed of before Easter. Materials for skirts come in patterns designed for street and for sports wear, and new patterns for skirts, in a great variety of designs, make it possible to dispose of this item of the wardrobe requirements. The same is true of blouses.

A one-piece frock of serge (good for all-round sports wear) like that shown in the picture, gives the home dressmaker no uneasiness. It is the most livable of dresses and is developed in unbleached linen for everyday wear and in heavy cotton as well as woollens.

It is made with a loose blouse, having a sailor collar, and a plaited skirt with panel at the front. The sleeves are plain, with two rows of white braid at the wrist, in keeping with three rows on the collar. The

temptation was very strong. She had been working hard all day. The heavy odor of the hospital, mingled with the scent of pine and evergreen in the chapel, made her dizzy. The fresh outdoors called her. And, besides, if K. were with Christine—

"It's forbidden, isn't it?"

Do you suppose that Dr. Max Wilson has such a dull conscience that he would sully Sidney's character if the opportunity offered?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAW HAS PROVED BENEFICIAL

British Employers of Labor Give Cordial Indorsement to the "Daylight Saving" Proposition.

Inquiries in the leading centers of industry indicate that the operation of the summertime act is, among other results, having the effect of increasing the output in shipyards and engineering works, says the London Times.

On the northeast coast some of the yards have been able to arrange additional spells of daylight overtime, and in other establishments there has been an increase in output owing to the fact that there are in the aggregate a large number of extra hours when the work can be carried on without the aid of artificial light and with a lessened sense of fatigue.

If statistics can be kept which will enable comparisons to be instituted between the output of the present summer and the corresponding period of last year it is believed that the comparison will be all to the advantage of the present year.

Additional evidence of the benefit of the act from the industrial standpoint comes from the railways. It has been stated in the official organ of the National Union of Railwaymen that the alteration of the clock has been followed by an improvement in the working of long-distance night goods trains.

It has been found that the extra hour of daylight has enabled the trains to be made up and loaded in less time, and there is a general feeling in railway circles that the summertime act should come into permanent operation, as it would enable the work of railway goods yards to be conducted with greater rapidity and safety.

A point which seems to appeal to the men who are on an eight-hour shift is that, whatever the turn of duty to which they are assigned, they either begin or finish work in daylight. This may seem to be a small and unimportant matter, but the fact that it has caused comment among a large body of workers reveals an unexpected direction in which putting working hours in advance of solar time has proved beneficial.

New York state consumes \$70,550,000 feet of lumber annually in making packing boxes and crates.

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS is an improved Cascara. A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE—Pleasant to take. In LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by addition of certain harmless chemicals which increase the efficiency of the Cascara, making it better than ordinary Cascara. LAX-FOS aids digestion; pleasant to take; does not grip or disturb stomach. Adapted to children and adults. Just try a bottle for constipation or indigestion. 50c.

SELDOM SEE

A big knee like this, but your horse may have a lurch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

will clean it off without hurting the horse. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated only a few drops required. Application, \$2 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special treatment and Book \$1.00 free. ABSORBINE, JR., the anti-septic, balsam, for scratches, redness, itching, chafes, chills, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Stays Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle at drug stores or delivered. Made in the U.S.A. by W.F. YOUNG, P.D.F., Springfield, Mass.

His Special Prayer. A little four-year-old lad whose name we won't mention enjoyed the luxury of sleeping with his mother during a short illness. After his cure recovery his mother told him one night that he was to go again to his own little room. He made no objections, but after being undressed, said to his mother:

"Mother, I want to say my prayers alone tonight."

"But for what reason?" "Because I want to, mamma."

The mother humored him, and standing outside of the door, heard her offspring pray as follows:

"O, God, make me sick; make me real sick; make me vomit; but don't dead me."

How much this Chelsea youngster wanted to sleep with his mother!—Chelsea Gazette.

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezeone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezeone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezeone for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

More than 1,500,000 electric storage batteries are used in automobiles in the United States.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET. A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken, straighten, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

New York state in 1916 had 3,688 infantile paralysis cases with 801 deaths.

EAT LESS MEAT

Excessive eating of meat is not only tremendously expensive, but it is positively injurious to health. In place of meat try Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti—the most delicious of all food and the richest in nutriment. They can be prepared in a hundred appetizing ways at small cost. Write Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful Cook Book. It's free.—Adv.

Insects in the United States yearly destroy \$700,000,000 worth of trees.

BEWARE OF sudden colds. Take—

CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opium—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. J. H. P. Picture on the back.

At Any Drug Store

ECZEMA

Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ECZEMA, RINGWORM, SCALD HEAD, ITCHING SKIN DISEASES. Price 25c at drug stores, or direct from H. &